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the journal of creative geography

Volume 6, Summer 2004



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On the cover: "Crossings," a relief print by Steven R. Holloway, is an abstract map of the bridge crossings over the rivers in Missoula, Montana.

Inside back cover: "Central Montana, Missouri & Milk Rivers," acrylic painting by Steven R. Holloway

- p.5 "Untitled, from Lost Structures Series," photograph by Daniel King
- pp.6-9 Illustrations for "Providence" provided by the author, Alison Kotin
- p.11 Landsat 7 satellite image provided by the Arizona Remote Sensing Center, University of Arizona
- p.17 Photograph "Sun Cups" by Gregory Simon
- pp.18-23 Artwork by Steven R. Holloway
- p.30 Photograph "Northern Neck" by Wendy Gavin Gregg
- pp.32-33 Photographs "Pompeii Bath" and "Pompeii Alley" by Erika Wise
- pp.34-35 "A Farm of Enclosure" photographs provided by the author, Celeste Trimble
- pp.36-38 Images for "Landscape Art" provided by Lou Rizzolo (p.36), David S. Lemberg (p.37, top), and Marc Rizzolo (p.37, bottom and p.38)
- p.39 T.A.R.P.S. images "44th Parallel" and "North Sea-Eastern Coast" by Peter Happel Christian
- p.40 "Untitled River Space," relief print by Steven R. Holloway

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you are here is an independent, annual publication by graduate students in the Department of Geography and Regional Development:

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Printed by Commercial Printers, Tucson, Arizona.

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Editors' Note

Welcome to the 6th volume of *you are here: the journal of creative geography*. You hold in your hands a map (for we are geographers, after all). We hope that his map will lead you not to a literal destination, but rather to new ways of seeing the place you now inhabit.

Opening each of the submissions included here was a unique pleasure: the pleasure of being brought out of our narrow focus within the field of geography, and the gift of a new perspective on our own discipline. Perhaps that is why some of our most intriguing contributions come from those outside the field of geography. We hope that the journal fulfills a dual purpose: making geography new to those of us immersed within, and introducing those outside to explorations of place that have nothing to do with memorizing state capitals. In the earthwork at Western Michigan University we have a glimpse of the delight that comes from this melding of perspectives and the hard but rewarding work of collaborative projects. In a more personal way, Wendy Gavin Gregg and Elizabeth Gregg create a multidimensional impression of space by combining the media of poetry and photography. If their place-portrait invokes a momentary experience, Alison Kotin's work reflects on the transformation of interior spaces, as well as exterior places.

For some, realizations come when faced with the unexpected: Jennifer Wise describes the moment when an image of oneself is suddenly clear, brought into focus by new surroundings. Kathryn Mauz takes a different approach, sinking deeply into one patch of land, in a slow descent from sky to earth. Securely on the ground, Peter Happel Christian gives us a concentration of place: while Mauz takes in miles in an inch, Happel Christian's work focuses us on the minuscule and ordinary. Steven R. Holloway brings us a little bit of both, picking up and examining individual stones beside a river, but then condensing

that deep experience of place into a bird's eye view of a river. All of these pieces bring us a new way of seeing what is already visible, but there are also invisible links between us, unseen and unbreakable. In their own ways, Matt Mitchelson, William Haas and Michele C. Battiste explore these bonds. Some places are ordinary while we inhabit them, but when we have left, their hold on us only intensifies, and we find ourselves helplessly recalling their sights, smells and sensations. Celeste Trimble, through photography, and Charles Gillispie, through poetry, evoke these feelings of longing and nostalgia.

In the fall, as fledgling editors, we asked ourselves, "What do we know about creative geography?" This winter, in the midst of reading submissions, we discovered with joy and relief that this work revolves not around 'knowing' but rather listening to others and being dazzled by their innovations and variations on our chosen field. Now, in our sunny Arizona spring, we are filled with gratitude to the contributors whose images and ideas fill our minds. Thank you for making familiar places suddenly strange and compelling, and for bringing the distant closer to us.

Sara Smith
Erika Wise
Tucson, AZ

When I Think of El Paso

Charles Gillispie

The wind makes an old noise
picking away at loose ends—
the kind of scrap found in a border-town
bungled-up at the horizon,
a dwarfed plain full of street life
that lined our bellies once.

Car windows still rattle
in their carriages, poised to listen:
listen to the Interstate
sweat like a snake—and cringe
at the ruptured bend
of a dipstick losing oil.

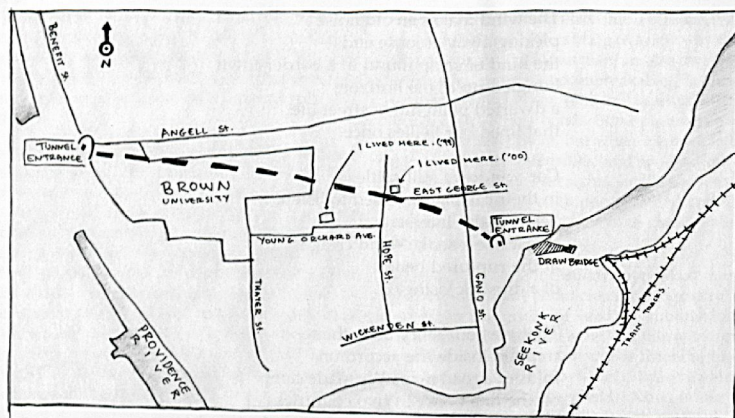
That was our story back then—
trapped inside the accordion
folds of a road map. We made camp
on the line between two countries
and whenever we spoke—the wind carried
our trouble back into the empty canyons.

Photograph by Daniel King



Providence

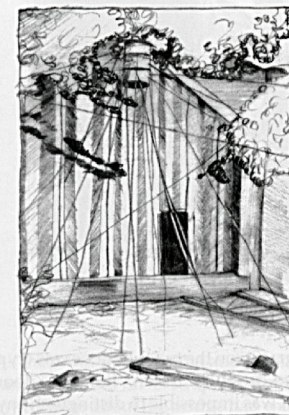
Alison Kotin



The Providence train tunnel opened in 1908, and the last train went through in 1981. Around 1994, the tunnel was closed at both ends with metal plates after a party inside resulted in a near-fatal fire. The tunnel is approximately two miles long, running under Providence's College Hill neighborhood to link the Providence Canal with the Seekonk River.



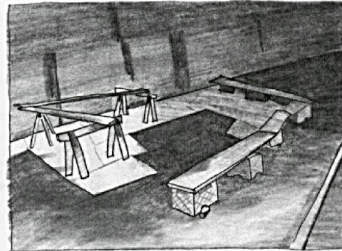
I have never sought out scary things, but the train tunnel's mystique has kept it in the back of my mind since I left Providence in 2000. During the time I lived in the city I never went inside the tunnel. The only section I had visited was the Benefit Street entrance, which has been sealed permanently since I left the neighborhood. A tree house hanging thirty feet above ground is the only remaining evidence of the outdoor art shows and late night carousing that once marked the site.



In the fall of 2003, I returned to the tunnel and made my way through half a mile of sumac, reeds, and miscellaneous undergrowth to its other, less obvious entrance. At this end sculptures made from barrels, rope, glass shards, and fishing line were hanging in the trees. Just beyond the end of the tunnel, traffic on the main road was visible through the underbrush. Providence is funny like that. Alone in the woods, surrounded by abandoned car parts and old refrigerators, I felt watched. Even with cars rushing by on the other side of the woods, the doorway was quiet. The tunnel seemed to wait.



The graffiti on the tunnel's door was cryptic and carefully drawn. From the doorway it was impossible to distinguish anything inside – the darkness seemed absolute just beyond the lintel. At this end, the tunnel's floor was under water and visitors had to pick their way along a boardwalk of discarded boxes and wooden palettes.



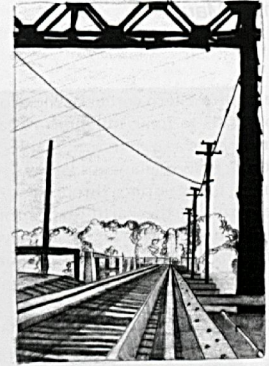
My first impression inside the tunnel was of vast space. A cacophony of dripping and splashing echoed from a distance, but, just as it was outside, the air by the door was perfectly still. I was terribly nervous before I went into the tunnel, but once in the dark I felt calmer, the flashlight's limited range somehow shielding me from whatever frightening thing I half-expected to see. The air inside the tunnel was soft and damp. It smelled like spring.

Just after passing out of sight of the doorway, my flashlight illuminated a secret hiding place. It was like a kid's fort or a secret base, except for the empty beer cans and the remains of a bonfire. I couldn't help wondering if the creators of this lair were waiting somewhere ahead, just out of range of the light.



I don't know how long I was inside the tunnel. It was too dark to see a watch, even too dark to focus my camera or check shutter speed and aperture. I attribute my lack of successful photographs inside the tunnel to this difficulty, but the blank film I developed later looks ghostly. Maybe this place never shows up in pictures. It was a relief to see the open door ahead. Once my eyes adjusted to the dark, the door's light seemed to stretch a long way. The sound of dripping water increased farther down the tunnel, and as I left, its splashing sounded like footsteps following.

I emerged from the tunnel feeling like a hero, my fear of Providence's dark, empty spaces conquered, at least temporarily. As I walked through the woods to the road, the sun was warm on my shoulders.



As the wind pulled at me and swung my camera around on its strap, I realized that my feelings about the bridge had changed since my last visit. Instead of walking easily from one railroad tie to the next, I was paralyzed by the empty space between me and the water below. I still felt the bridge's fascination, but my body would not obey my desire to walk across. Finally, as a compromise, I hitched my camera around to my back and began to crawl slowly along the tracks with my eyes on the horizon.

I never was able to stand up, but when I reached the far end of the bridge with splinters in my knees and palms from the aging railroad ties, I felt a sense of accomplishment. My interest in wild and abandoned spaces had won out over my new fear of heights. I rested on the bridge for a long time before I began the slow crawl back to shore. ♦

Ground Truth

Kathryn Mauz

The southwestern corner of Mexico is slowly falling away from its mainland, divided from it by a trio of rifts to rival, millions of years from now, those of east Africa. The forces tearing at the continent arise as a staircase of faults at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, extending from the Gulf of California to the Galapagos Islands. The floor of the eastern Pacific is sliding beneath Mexico and returning to the surface through myriad volcanoes comprising the Sierra Madre del Sur. It is this melted crust of the Earth that, through these violent conduits, has come to cover much of the modern land surface over the last several million years. The remnant blocks of vastly more ancient bedrock that underlie the volcanics and, in some places, stand alone as mountain ranges add to the edaphic spectacle on which Mexico's biodiversity had been founded.

West Mexican dry tropical forests have been disappearing for decades, more so in the last 50 and then 20 years than in any of the years before. I have been regarding a patch – hundreds of square miles – of this forest and non-forest landscape from space for some time, about 15 years. Really, this is accomplished by means of computer, where archived satellite images and technical software permit those slices of time to be arrayed in instantaneous contrasts on the screen: then, now, now, then. There, gone, and intervening shades of gray. Many, many shades of gray. These forests are notable for their heterogeneity, species diversity, structural complexity, phenological clockwork, and productivity – hopelessly little of which can be told well from space alone. I traveled to the forest there to investigate these gradations, the spatial aspects of the patterns of change and difference, and the structural features of the forests themselves.

Main routes tend to get lost in small Mexican towns. Two paved lanes or one dirt track disband into cobblestones and mud bricks, any of which may be either heaving up from or being swallowed by the ground, or both. The rains effectively hasten the cycle, causing the whole urban rock-mud tectonic landscape to become, at once, jarringly uneven and smooth. A paved road drained this town in a southerly direction. Some construction, a detour, and the route – in the sense of a means to a destination – was gone. Deeper into the *matorral* it wound, the worst cobblestone road and one estimable for its incoherence. Early monsoon clouds, the first of *las lluvias*, stood low all around, blurring the tops of the Pacific storm-traps here near the edge of the country and the continent. A huge and brilliant red lily had sprung from its deep bulb in a recently burned field that, longer ago, had been the forest under which the lily had originally grown. A giant cactus, its limbs charred, lay there stiffly on its side. Down a very steep, stone-covered stretch along a tributary stream, a turn past black vultures, finally the road descended into a canyon an extraordinary 1000 meters below.

A rusting sign with flaking white lettering just before the vulture tree had suggested this road into the canyon. It had been my fortuitous guess that what remained of the arrow on the sign really had been pointing to the right instead of straight ahead. I had left the map long before that, however, at least as far as features other than topography were concerned. Not even a euphemistic dashed line,



hinting at a road, was shown where I had apparently gone. This road had led to a tiny village, Cofradía, which had come to rest as a sprinkling of bricks in several ravines above the river and was adorned by a single, whitewashed dome. The prospect of retracing *el camino desigual* was less appealing than climbing out the other side of this stunning gorge. The side of the canyon facing the town had years before been stripped of its trees. Many of the giant cactus had been spared, however, and these plants which had lived long, shady, and anonymous lives within the former forest now stood out like push-pins from the canyon wall. The precipitous slopes had been sown in grass, across which contrasts spanning a range of yellows created vague suggestions of rectilinear pastures. Now, the walls are tear-stained with mud and rock rivulets where the grass has failed to restrain the periodic torrents contributed by each year's monsoon. Far up the other side, through a mist of rain, was a notch in the rimrock, and there went the road.

On top, the road was a narrow, primly cobbled lane once again, all the more incongruous as it was still quite far from anywhere. It passed beneath what was nearly an arbor of low, leafless, lichen-covered trees, meandering along between stone walls. A large, white snail slimed its way over a rain-wet tree limb; fields of tequila agaves were distantly blue. At a Y-junction in the road, one branch appeared to remain high despite turning back toward the canyon, whereas the alternative descended toward close-cropped, stone-walled pastures and corn stubble hills. While I paused to study the shapes of the hills and my potential location on the roadless topographic map, an old man on a burro came shuffling by with small steps down the muddy upper fork of the road. A single raincoat covered them both, from the man's head to the burro's knees, and over this the man wore the broad, flat-brimmed hat that is distinctive of the region. I stopped the car completely and waved, hoping to ask about the fork in the road. The burro stood with its nose just outside of my window, unmoving, as the rain continued to fall.

Using my hands and forearms together to form a "Y," a crude map of our situation, I described the representation in Spanish: we are here (pointing to the crossroads at my wrists), relative to the canyon there (off in space beyond my elbows). I inquired about the way from which he had come (my right hand), and what lay ahead in the direction he was going (my left hand). He provided a great deal of information in the eager and generous manner of everyone in these rural areas. Spatial knowledge in such places, I have surmised through similar encounters, is more conceptual and experiential, *terreno*, than it is ever translated to or extracted from maps. Particularly so for the elder generation, it is the product of decades of traveling the same small routes – trails, dirt and cobblestone roads – between village and town, seldom farther. If young people are to be found at all, it is still the older ones who offer the best directions within a terrain that seems remote and obscure, even if those *señas verdaderas* only lead to the next town over. It is more unfortunate still that we cannot ask the burros to sketch the road maps where city cartographers would not dare.

As this old man spoke, the principal difficulty for my ears was not so much that he was speaking rather fast. Instead, as I noticed when he smiled and stopped on his burro, he was missing nearly all of his teeth, and the sounds were not the practiced sounds of the Spanish language to which I was feebly accustomed. I listened intently for geographic words, place names, directions. I heard and pieced together some of his words, some of his intended words that percolated through my mental interpretation machinery later as I drove, and some of his thoughts – or my own thoughts – about this land that he may or may not have said aloud. *Por allí*, he began, over there (from where

he had just arrived), the road goes through a gap and enters a valley.

Ese camino sube la ladera de la montaña y gira hacia un claro poco grande. Hay un pueblo con algunas casitas. Esas casas están construidas de adobe con techos de tejas, si bien una tiene tejado de estaño. Este pueblo tiene número considerable de pavos negros, y también muchos gallos. De aquí, se pueden ver dos rutas que se dirigen a los pastizales, y otro camino que sigue la cuesta hacia otro arroyo. Este camino está cubierto con piedras y hay muchas cercas con puertas. Este es el camino que lleva a Tamazulita.

The road climbs up the mountain and turns to a clearing, and there is a village of several houses. The houses are made of earth and they have tile roofing, although one has a roof of tin. This village has a flock of black turkeys and many roosters. You see two roads leading to pastures and one road continues over the hill to another canyon. This road is covered with cobblestones and has many gates. It is the road that continues to Tamazulita.

I recognized the place he was describing immediately. Earlier in my explorations of the disappearing forest I had followed a cobblestone road south from Tamazulita into a canyon and had opened and closed those gates. The hillsides had been on fire at the time. Only part of that road was still in stones. That was the first time I had seen the red lily. I had driven into that village where the road, to my eyes, had dissolved into the clearing of which he told. I had seen those turkeys at the place where I turned around. Somehow now, I had circuitously come to the other end of that road by way of a different canyon. He continued as the burro stood.

El claro que ves estuvo cubierto de árboles como los que cubren las cumbres hoy. Aquellos árboles se talaron para cultivar el maíz del pueblo y yo siempre lo he conocido así. Ahora, la pradera está por las vacas que la gente cría para vender en las ciudades, y nosotros no cultivamos el maíz tanto como en el pasado. Ahora, nosotros compramos algo de maíz en la villa, o alguien con un camión compra el maíz ya en forma de harina. Los pavos necesitan maíz, y nosotros siempre hemos criado pavos.

The clearing that you see was once covered with trees like the ones you see on the hills. The trees were removed to grow the corn for the village and I have always known it like this. The field is now used for the cattle that the villagers raise to sell to the towns and we do not grow corn as much as in the past. Now, we buy some corn in town or someone with a truck buys the corn already as flour. The turkeys need the corn, and we have always raised the turkeys.

He was distilling into words the ecology of the village and recounting its evolution during his lifetime. Simultaneously, he was describing the changes that confront similar villages all around these mountains: the shift from subsistence to market, the jolt from burros to highways, crumbling and patching of earthen walls, and the slow propagation of distant forces into the most remote

cultural-landscape relationships on the continent of North America. Was it the trees, or his *abuelas* in the village, who were lost to time – probably both now, or the same.

La barranca detrás de ti tiene algunas veces un río. Probablemente, tu ya lo has visto porque las lluvias han comenzado. Durante la estación seca, la presa río arriba captura toda la agua y las rocas desnudas se blanquean en el lecho. La carretera que usaste a través del río es nueva, y ahora los vehículos pueden venir de Cofradía a aquí, y llegar hasta Guajes. En aquella barranca, la gente he quemado todos árboles y ponen vacas para comerse el zacate que ellos sembraron. Ellos todavía recogen las frutas de las cactáceas gigantes para venderlas en el mercado. Estas pitahayas son ricas, pero ahora no hay tantos cactáceas en el cañón como cuando yo fui joven.

The canyon behind you sometimes has a river. You probably saw this river now that the rains have started. During the dry season the dam upstream traps all of the water and the rocks in the channel are white and bare. That crossing that you followed is new, and now the trucks can come from Cofradía to here, and go through to Guajes. In that canyon the people have burned the trees and put cows there to eat the grass that they planted. They still collect the fruits from the giant cactus to sell at market. The fruits are delicious, but there are not as many cactus now in the canyon as when I was young.

The sense of passing, vanishing time was strong in his speech, though whether of 60 or 80 years gone by or only the last few was not as clear. The changes he suggested were projected onto a single plane of narrative. I heard ‘*guajes*’ and thought first that he was referring to the bean trees that were gone. (Later, after I had left the pair to their errands, I had discovered the town named for the trees, where these now grow only in people’s gardens and on the square near the church. I had very slowly followed another broad-brimmed *ganadero*, on his horse alongside his cows, to this town, which itself was surrounded by agave fields.) Was that *barranca*, or *arrancar* that I had heard – the canyon, or the tearing off of the trees from its walls? Drops of rain collected and fell from the burro’s eyelashes and nose. The rain is ubiquitous in the monsoon season, and it was easy to become oblivious to it. I attempted to summarize the instructions he had given: to the right, *través de la brecha*, then a valley, then follow the stone road to Tamazulita. Behind was the canyon, and yes, I had seen the river as well as the white rocks.

He nodded and asked for my two-handed map. He took the right one and drew the road on my palm: the road to the village, *a la derecha*, he affirmed. Then he pointed behind and nodded, *la grieta* is that way. That had seemed a rather diminutive word at the time, and I had wondered whether, in his experience, that really was just a small canyon, only a crack in the earth as the word denoted. Later I contemplated what he may have intoned, the concealed tensions introduced by the concrete river crossing, the road, and the construction that (perhaps he knew) I had encountered much farther back along the way. In my perception, these small improvements and the still rough conditions did not portend revolution, but to him the potential, at least, was as urgent and unsettling as a temblor. I inquired, “*y desde esta ‘i griega’*,” gesturing to the Y-junction, and pointed to my left

hand, reassembling the map. As he began, I heard him say Guajes, again, then the names of other towns that I could see on the paper map with roads in between. He drew the road again, this time on my left hand.

Delante está el altiplano donde personas cultivan mucho maíz. Sigue este camino de piedras hacia Guajes, y entonces cruzaas el pueblo alrededor de la iglesia. El camino se convierte en asfalto al alejarte de la villa.

Ahead, there are the uplands where a lot of corn is grown. Follow this stone road to Guajes, and the road will go through the town past the church. The road turns to pavement after this town.

He ran his finger across and off of my hand, and had nothing more to say about this route – nothing of trees and cactus, nothing of a river or a crossing. It was almost a gesture of frustration. He was looking away toward the town. I was uncertain as to how much space he meant to convey by *el altiplano* – as far as Guajes, perhaps, presumably not as far as the cities, or much of central Mexico beyond. Guajes may have been the edge of the world that his burro knew, as much as it seemed to be the edge of the world that was represented by place names and roads on my topographic map. The contour lines, tracing the forms of the physical land beneath, were the only elements that the two shared, for the time being. Perhaps he sensed this, and that was the reason for his sudden distance.

From the vantage point of space, the worn volcanic hills wear their soil so thin that the rock shows through from beneath. In the dry time, their forests are ratty and frayed, felled along trail, road, and river corridors, as though caterpillars were consuming first the weft and then the warp of the land tapestry, etching a forest negative as one would prepare a lithograph. From space, the land of dry forest-clothed Mexico has the appearance of a butterfly with patches of colored scales rubbed away, revealing graying membranes lined with dark river-veins. The margins of its wings are tattered from a long time flying. It moves forward only, however – ‘back’ is made possible only by the scrolling mouse wheel toggling between digital facsimiles of then and now. Giant cactus are not unburned, toppled palms are not righted. In the ebb and flow of corn and cattle, animals sold in anticipation of a drought that never came are not refunded, and crops that failed when the rains stopped early are not revived. Grasses taller than men are set afire every year across hillsides where the regeneration time for a forest ranges from decades to centuries. *Atrás*, a return, is also possible with photographs, text, and with memory – most of the time, for now, where all of the complexity of the creatures living in these one-time forests collapses onto fading colored squares and halftone pages. At the time of this writing, I am still making this map of forest change. Some of the forest has gone even since I began. The result will be most meaningful as an emblem of where we are living now, the vanishing time, and I know that the map itself will not endure for long at all. Anyone who wishes to may tear a corner from it as a souvenir. ♦

Chaos Theory of Travel Advice

Michele C. Battiste

A butterfly twitches in China

nothing, really
a shift measured six places to the decimal point's right
The atmosphere is perilous enough without her reckless flutter
and there's no telling the weather in Wichita
Watch how the prairie grass lists in the absence
of breeze, like a wall falling over

Funny, how chaos was finally tamed by a meteorologist
His sky inside computer code
a program finding patterns that never settle
down, defy mapping
Some things beg to be left alone

And it's funny, how I resort to reading stars for prediction
A cyclic shift of Cassiopeia and a celestial directive
hovered above my west coast porch for weeks
Simply a matter of tricking gaze away from infinite coastline
trading bare feet for sciences, looking up
Six months in any direction and the constellation
would have urged a different fate:
Mesa, Modesto, Miami, Minneapolis

But initial conditions spin a long-term system to riot
Stars are dying through light years for a pinprick
of luminescence
The earth's orbit wears a rutted path
The sky was clear and some things
I don't leave to chance: Wichita

Some paths are straight enough to beg a forecast
though you should never trust a weatherman
who finds an easy symmetry in aberration
Prairie grass drifts like ocean
But a butterfly is no tide
her fluttered wings, no end

Winter: Syracuse

Michele C. Battiste



Photograph by Gregory Simon

This city must owe some ancient debt to winter
Wagered some brash gamble centuries before
the weatherman's dopplered explanation of storm fronts and lakes
rescinded blame

This is the city's shame
This is what the *Farmer's Almanac* forgave and kept out of print:
a handful of cut-glass sky – a backroom loss to blizzard

The clouds won't forget
Muscled gray, gravid with the weight of being owed, they squat the sky
Their strong arm reach of snow staking city limits as possession

Four days past solstice and trees are bones
The weatherman and his radar buried under seven feet of snow
The sun can only show its bruises
Mornings dress in blackbird hues
and winter can't get enough of Syracuse, so beaten down
it speaks of days between the storms as drought

The bladed wind claims even breath as winter's bastard daughter
Cutting her from lips, draping her in white, calling her home

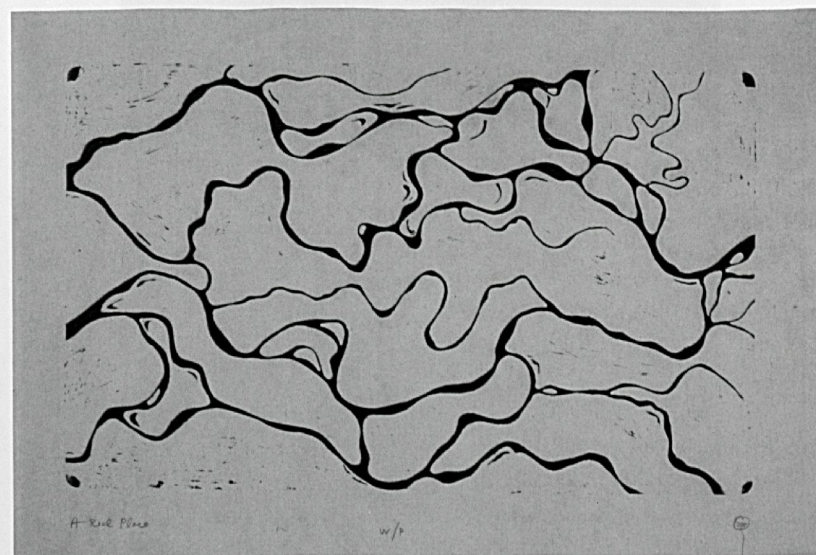
Cartographic Disobedience

Steven R. Holloway

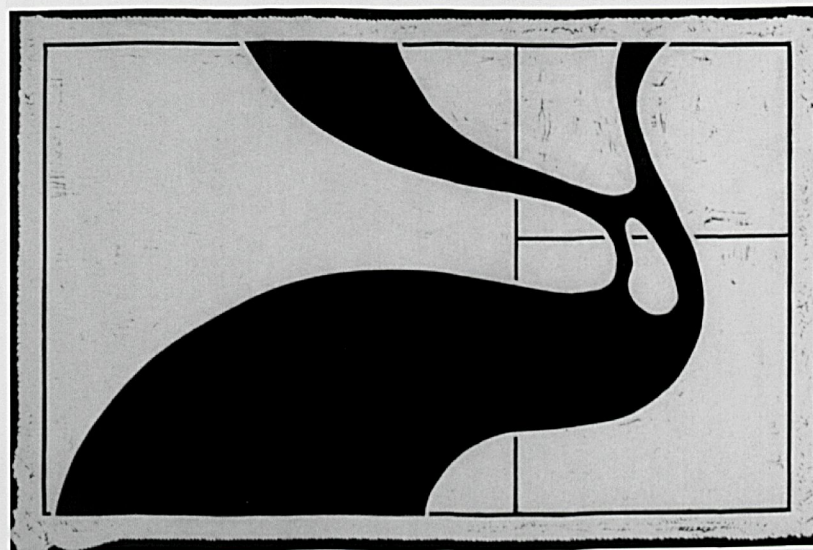
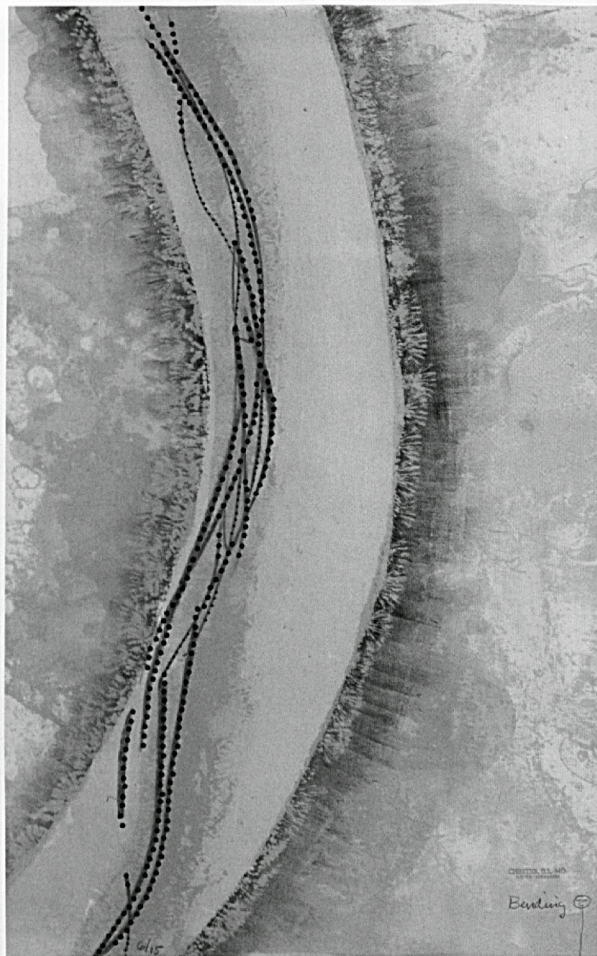
I see myself, listen, keep an open mind and heart, and observe the place: "where is it? why there?" I respond using the tool called mapping because I am so very often asking about this where-ness, this spatial organization. There are a thousand different kinds of maps in every corner of my life, asking and answering and inviting me to listen again. Maps are time-space propositions woven with the threads of argument and cloaked by the patterns of story, empowering relationships and enabling understandings for the journey. Within the body, a part of place is the hero's journey, passing, and process of discovery. These are the place maps of this journey. They are filled with argument; the cutting bend of river, slope of hillside, crag of mountain rock, depth of soil, feel of cold, track of cougar, changing height of cloud, color of leaf. All of this interwoven by water; a place on the map for the pattern of story unfolding.

My maps involve direct-contact field work, repeated visits over periods that may extend to a year or more. They come from need, gathered directly from original mind in the presence of something other than who I am. They rise from journals and field sketches, observation notes, survey walks, large format pin-hole Polaroids, colored pencils and inks, wet feet crossing water, the cold night sky, dreams beneath pine. Secondary sources are carefully allowed to intrude, but the most important source is having been there, listened, and put aside my own small issues, influenced and changed by contact with the other.

Direct-contact. Observation and response. My response is the task of remaking the maps of the world in a new manner with the threads of argument and the cloth of story; redrafting and re-inking the world's charts, redefining a new cartography as an expression of respect, generosity, commitment, honesty and wholeness. In this manner, I understand my work to reflect an act of cartographic disobedience.



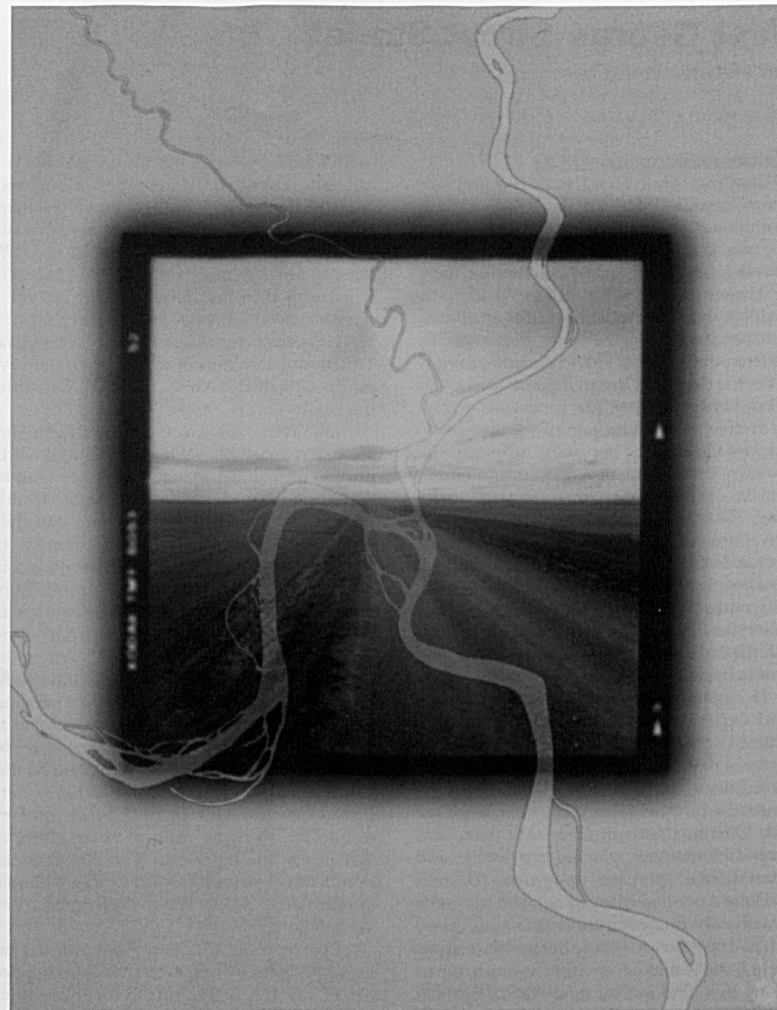
A Real Place, 2003, relief print



Facing page: *Bending*, 2002, lithograph and mixed media
This page: *Untitled River Space*, 2003, relief print



This page: *T'O Map Missoula*, 2003, 3-D work
 Facing page: *Long Live the River*, 2003, digital giclée



West George Street Stories

Matt Mitchelson

Charlotte Anne (Apartment #2F)

Charlotte Anne Henderson is a gracious woman, capable of treading both the waters of accommodation and fortitude. That kind of buoyancy is rare, you know. On her stomach, between her right breast and bellybutton, there are three unobtrusive nevi, which she considers to be her most beautiful attributes. She associates each of the moles with a specific leaf from the Trinity's clover and unwittingly moves the fingers of her right hand across this part of her body when she is nervous or sad. The twelve friends and family members who compose the circle of her truest loves have all recognized that tendency, though not one of them has ever made mention to another human being. That this half-whisper of unquiet has been afforded Charlotte Anne, even through the divorce, is a testament of the esteem in which these people hold her; for them, she is a source of strength. Though her loves are aware of the motion itself, none know about its correlation with the birthmarks. Charlotte Anne has kept them to herself.

Her marriage to Martin Popularas was a rigid experience, notable only for having occurred—the content of said union a nugatory cluster of days, less than formative, essentially procedural—and Charlotte Anne no longer chains the birth of her child to her marriage with Martin. Instead, Charlotte Anne has compartmentalized, placing a practical and focused love upon her daughter. Though Charlotte Anne had changed her own last name immediately following the annulment, Mary Beth had been free to choose her own last name. Though she would never admit as much, it was during this time in Charlotte Anne's life that middle names surfaced as necessary identifiers

of friends and loved ones. *Mama, why are you calling me Mary Beth?* Because, she had answered, we have three names and we should use them all. Charlotte Anne Henderson had noticed an impact upon her own sense of identity, too: *Oh, I'm sorry Mrs. Henderson, or, Sometimes I forget that Anne isn't your last name, or This is John, a representative of SBC long-distance. I'm calling with a special holiday season offer for a Mrs. Charlotte Anne.* This minor rejection of a former self always made Charlotte Anne Henderson smile, internally.

In fairness, she was more than aware that she had married Martin largely for his sense of duty to formalities, maybe the money and the freedom provided by his fealty to his principals. She was always aware that they had loved one another in the barest of convention and gender-based affections, but she had always maintained an ill-advised hope that Martin was a man of evolution—an Everyman named Popularas, why not?—and it just never came to fruition. When the intensity of Martin's infidelities, which were, as it turned out, accounted for in his personal cadre of principals, exceeded his devotion to Charlotte Anne, she was simply brushed aside, asked to leave. That is how it came to be that Charlotte Anne Henderson and Mary Beth Popularas left Martin Popularas, and an unnamed lover, to continue his selling of Toyotas in the Big Easy. The thrice-named doubleton dealt itself toward Chicago, Illinois, specifically 1323 West George Street, Apartment 2F.

This morning, Charlotte Anne is on the last leg of her journey home. She has just stepped off of the #76 bus, along with three thick Mexican men. The men are wrapped tightly in

many layers of clothing, the outermost blemished in various places by dried paint. The three of them quickly form a huddle, arguing, apparently debating which direction they will travel next. One of the men points at Charlotte Anne, who is walking away from the bus, but is not too far away to help them. *Le preguntamos a ella?* he asks. *No. No nos hablaría,* another man answers; the third man, silent, nods in agreement. Charlotte Anne does not speak Spanish; she does not know that the men are lost. It is so early, and it is so cold. She wonders to herself what it would be like to have to paint on such a morning. And today of all days; it's Thanksgiving. She remembers a newscaster's promise of snow. Charlotte Anne turns thoughtfully toward the men, feeling a sudden sense of urgent respect for the work she imagines they must do, and finds all three staring after her. Embarrassed, she turns her eyes skyward and then further down the road, pretending to look for a taxi. She doesn't want them to feel scrutinized. In a few short moments, the bus, the three men, and Charlotte Anne are gone from the place where they had been together. The city breathes its cycle of movement and pause and, soon, each has forgotten the other.

Sandy Martino (Apartment #1F)

Thud-thud. Thud-thud.

Sandy Martino says, "The girl upstairs is galloping. Her mother must be coming. I'll look and see."

Sandy Martino, age eighty-three, is a recluse. She talks to herself. You would, too, if you were her. She's been in this apartment for eight years, peaking around drawn curtains and only opening her door to take delivery of groceries. She watches, always. Some would say she's a little detached. Some would say she's ready to burst.

Sandy watches Charlotte Anne Henderson walking home from the bus and says, "She really is beautiful. I was that beautiful once."

She remembers her honeymoon in Paris, dancing with Charles on the Champs Elysees. That was the summer of 1939—far away from her now, maybe, but only in years. "She's coming home for the girl. She can't leave her alone, of course. I never left mine."

Afraid Charlotte Anne might have seen her, she snaps the curtain back. Sandy says, "Most days that woman just stays home. I like it at home. Where has she been?"

Thud-thud. Thud-thud.

Sandy Martino changes windows.

Sandy watches a young man and sighs, "Look at him, so light on his feet. It's like he's floated through life. He reminds me of Charles." Cancer took Charles in 1989, one year after he sold the house in Oak Park and rented this apartment. They took a space on the first floor for Charles' joints. They couldn't go far with Charles' knees, but they did go out. They tried to grow young. Sandy remembers. She says, "I miss Charles."

Something changes inside of Sandy Martino.

She listens to the girl upstairs, galloping to greet her mother at the door. Sandy doesn't want to be alone—not on Thanksgiving. She sits for a time, listening to the words of the women upstairs as they rattle carelessly down the ductwork into her tired and lonely ears.

The girl upstairs says, "This'll be our best Thanksgiving. I love you, Mama."

Something else changes. The words of the girl echo in her head.

Though she doesn't feel like bathing herself just yet, Sandy Martino goes to her bathroom and lets the water run. She stops the drain. The water pours in, a sweet river of noise. It's the only thing that ever seems to block out the voices of Sandy's past.

"Children," Sandy says, "should be seen and not heard."

Charlotte Anne (Apartment #2F)

Charlotte Anne picks up the phone on the

first ring so that it might not disturb her sleeping daughter, who has exhausted herself physically and emotionally today. On the other end of the line, an untrustworthy human being named Lazarus Fetzer, who manages the Chicago branch of a Midwestern advertising entity poorly, and with little regard for his employees, speaks. Charlotte listens.

"Well, thank you very much, sir." Charlotte Anne's free hand rubs her side.

Lazarus Fetzer drones on, periodically diverging from business matters and asking about the holiday, also inserting conversation pieces that he has overheard other human beings use in barrooms and on television. His laughter, he can't help but notice, is generally louder and longer than Charlotte Anne's, but he continues on at a consistent pace. He says, "It was so nice to meet you today, Char."

"Yes, it was nice meeting you, too." Charlotte Anne wonders if she has just told a lie. "And I thank you very much for your time this morning." The line is silent on both ends. "But, I'm afraid that I can't accept the position."

All of the lights in the apartment go out. It is completely dark and still inside, and Charlotte Anne can see it snowing outside through a window. It is almost blinding.

"Sir, again I thank you, but I can't accept the position. It is not what I am looking for." The stern conviction in Charlotte Anne's voice surprises her and she realizes that, despite a day full of deliberation, she had in fact made up her mind much earlier. She smiles.

She realizes that the phone has cut out with the power. It is more than likely that Lazarus Fetzer didn't even hear the finality in her decline the second time. But she still smiles.

Charlotte Anne lights a candle and goes to check on her daughter.

Larry Bozeman (the Landlord)

"Montana!"

When he throws a temper tantrum, his face puckers up like a prune that's being squeezed

into, and sucked down, the extension of a vacuum cleaner. *This is a Grade-A temper tantrum.*

"Montana!"

One thing that really bothers me about little Larry Bozeman—aside from those pockets of back-fat under his shoulders and the folds of skin on the back of his arms, just above his elbows—is the way he says my name when he's angry with me. My name is for one person: me, Montana. Larry says it like he's talking to the whole state of Montana. It's like he's taken my name from me and turned it against me, entirely backwards, like those parking garage nails you can drive over safely in the one direction but not the other. Like the way they say you can rub a sharkskin one way and it's smooth, but the other can just cut you to shreds against the grain. And when Larry says it, we know which way he's rubbing, don't we? I'm ignoring him, at least until he gives my name back.

"Montana!"

"You're not even listening to me, are you?"

Oh, but he pushes the buttons. Who ever heard of a human being asking questions and answering them in the same sentence? If Larry wants to ask me something, I think he should just ask me. If he wants to tell me something, I think he should just tell me. It's really not that complicated. *We don't have to go to your parent's house again this year, do we? And I'm sure the blue oxford's not ironed either, is it? You didn't even put any gas in the tank, did you?* He's really just asking himself if he has to make such a production out of the whole thing. I've known him long enough to know that it's almost an apology. I can see that little flicker of Larry Bozeman in there, trying not to extinguish itself by overusing the windpipe. *Come on Larry. You can make it out of this tantrum.*

His cell phone rings.

He looks up, confused. It's almost like he's asking me permission to answer it. As if it wouldn't be perfectly fine with me for him to

stop yelling at me and take a phone call. The sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls it out. I don't react. I'm a piece of stone that someone else has put on the couch. I could have been here, motionless, for a million years.

"I have to take this," he says, his tone as apologetic as I have ever heard. "I'm sorry."

As if I would mind.

Larry hits the button that answers his phone. He listens for a time. He turns off the phone.

"Montana?" He's whispering. Larry is instantly forgiven. His voice sounds so sad, like a hundred apologies, all lined up for inspection. "Montana, honey?"

"What." I'm telling him something with that; not inquiring. I sniffle once.

"Baby, I've got to go. There's trouble on George Street."

Sonny Debellis (the Handyman)

"Do you want People and Places or History?" asks Bobby, holding the card straight ahead and looking at me sideways. Bobby keeps a stack of Trivial Pursuit cards in his shirt pocket. He always wants to ask me questions—especially when traffic is bad—because he knows that conversation keeps me happy. Bobby's a good boy.

"Oh," I grumble for show, "Bobby, what do I know about history? Ask me the history of the Cubs. I'll answer every time."

Bobby ignores me. He clears his throat and begins, "Dear Old Man," which is the same way he starts every question. Then, when he knows he's got my full attention, he asks the question. Bobby's a funny guy. He asks me, "What airport lies across the channel from Rikers Island Penitentiary?"

"Oh, I know this one," I tell him, tapping my right-hand pointer finger against the steering wheel for effect. I have no idea what the correct answer is. "Hm. Reich's island."

"Rikers Island," Bobby corrects me.

"I know. Like I said, Rikers Island." I keep my finger tapping on the steering wheel to stall for time. I hate it when I don't know the answers.

Rikers Island? Now I have even less of an idea about the answer than I did before—and I had nothing to start with. My wife, Mary, always corrects me when I say things like that. She thinks there's nothing less than zero. But then I always tell her: Mary, if there's nothing less than zero, go take a look at the thermometer. Some days, Chicago is the coldest place.

My Mary is a good woman. We have been married since the fall of 1963! We've lived in so many places together. The Army. Now, between Columbia in Maryland and Tempe in Arizona we have nine children. They're all so different, but they're all a little piece of me and they're all a little piece of Mary. Add to that the way children leave their parents, and our family is spread pretty thin sometimes. But, every Thanksgiving they come home, just like today. It takes a good mother to bring the children home every year. I would be silly to dream they'd visit an old man like me.

All nine children, nine husbands and wives, and thirteen grandchildren come to my house. And Bobby comes, too. My children treat him like one of us, which makes me very happy. The grandchildren call him Uncle. They are good grandchildren and they always make me laugh. Bobby has had all of his Thanksgivings with us since 1989, when the Cubs lost the National League pennant to San Francisco. His ex-wife and the girls left Bobby in 1989. It was a hard year all the way around.

"Come on, Old Man," says Bobby. I already forgot the question. "You know this one."

"Give me just one minute," I tell him. "It's on the tip of my tongue." I have known Bobby so long, you see, that we both know I'm lying. I'm a horrible liar.

"Think about the airports in New York City," he says to me like I am four years old, but it doesn't bother me so much. I know he is going

to tell me the answer soon and it will all be over. "Laaaaa," he says, like he's in the doctor's office for a sore throat. "Laaaaa," he says again. It's so condescending that it's funny.

"La?" I ask him, turning my eyes from the road a second to study his face.

"La," he says again. Bobby shrugs his shoulders and makes circles with his hands, like there's something else to come. "La?"

"La Bamba?" I say, trying to be funny. Bobby laughs. He has a great laugh, which is very contagious. He hums *La Bamba* the rest of the way to George Street.

I think to myself: Sonny, it's the holiday. You're an old man now and it's no good for you to be out in this cold, driving these streets of Chicago, so that you can flip a switch for one small building in a city full of buildings. I think about retirement. Maybe next year. Today, they say the economy is bad, and the money I put aside is less than it was last year—much less than it was two years ago. Now I think to myself: Sonny, go easy on yourself. Would you want to spend your holiday without power? Just the same, I look down at the little black box clipped to my belt—*whoever thought I would wear a pager to the dinner table!*—and I shake my head. Times are so different. Times are much the same, sure. But they're also different.

Bobby sings *La Bamba*.

We have to double-park the van because there's no driveway or parking lot by the house. The hazard lights blink at the pace of a tired man's breathing, and we leave the van with our tools. I look at the windows of the upstairs unit, where I can see candlelight. From where I am standing I can see a little girl's shadow, and to me she looks like an angel.

Bobby chuckles and says, "I don't know why we always pack the tools. Most of the time we only need the flashlights." He's right, of course, so I tell him to be quiet and do his job. Bobby laughs at my stubborn ways. He knocks on the front door and it pushes open. Bobby leans his head toward the door and calls out

before pushing the door the rest of the way open. We hear footsteps, and the silhouette of Larry Bozeman comes stepping carefully into view from the upstairs unit. Larry Bozeman is the man who owns this building and pages me when there are emergencies—though his definition of emergency is looser than most. Bobby turns the flashlight onto Larry Bozeman's face and Larry holds up a hand to shield his eyes from the glare. Bobby aims it away quickly and apologizes, but I know that he can't stand Larry Bozeman and that he's really not sorry at all, so I cough.

"I'm glad to see you boys!" says Larry Bozeman, instead of *I'm sorry to bother you*, or *Thank you for coming out on Thanksgiving*. I remember, suddenly, that I also dislike Larry Bozeman. "The power has been out for hours and I can't find the breaker box anywhere." He shivers for effect and says, "It's getting cold in my building."

"Did you check this apartment?" Bobby asks, shining his flashlight in the direction of Unit #1F, where he and I know the breaker is, having flipped it at least a baker's dozen times this year. The building's wiring is old and Larry Bozeman will not replace it. Instead, he pays us forty dollars every week or so to drive out here and flip a switch. I think he calls on us because he is afraid of the old woman who lives in the apartment.

"I tried, but it was too hard to see. I only had a candle that I borrowed from the people upstairs," answers Larry.

"I see," says Bobby, meaning *I see that you called us away from our evening to borrow a flashlight*. His voice betrays no anger, but I know he is bothered.

"And," Larry Bozeman huffs dramatically, "And, I've left the keys up there. One sec?"

"One sec," I mutter, deep enough under my breath that I hope Bobby hasn't heard. I don't like to encourage a bad mood.

We're waiting on Larry Bozeman and Bobby says, "Dear Old Man," then pauses,

"Which U.S. state is home to both Devils Tower and Fossil Butte National Monuments?"

"La Bamba," I say as Larry Bozeman rejoins us. Bobby nods in agreement, smiles, winks, and puts the card back in his shirt pocket.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," says Larry, slapping a soft hand onto Bobby's shoulder, "Happy Thanksgiving, boys!" Neither of us responds beyond a smile.

There's something heavy in the air as Larry Bozeman fumbles through his ring of keys and unlocks the old woman's apartment. I've never seen her, you know. Don't you think that's strange? I've been into her apartment dozens of times—maybe one hundred times—and I've never seen her.

Larry Bozeman says, "Well guys, I don't want to get in your way. Just call for me if you need anything." Footsteps leave us in the old woman's apartment. I wonder if we're alone. Where is the old woman?

"Typical," says Bobby. He is getting frustrated.

"La Bamba," I say back. I'm getting frustrated, too. "I need a drink."

Bobby says, "Dear Old Man, which one of us is going to flip the switch?"

I want Bobby to do it, so I say, "I will, Bobby."

Then Bobby goes to flip the switch. As he walks away, Bobby's light shines into a stream from a puddle that winds its way through low places in the hardwood and back into the old woman's bedroom.

There is light. Bobby comes back. He's shaking his head.

The entire back half of her apartment is flooded in an inch and a half of water. We walk purposefully through some of the water, the way we always do when we're approaching a task we must complete—and we both see that the drying alone will take us half the night. But before we can start the work, I grab Bobby by the elbow.

I say nothing. He nods in agreement and we turn around.

As Bobby and I walk through the courtyard of 1323 West George Street for the last time, I unclip the pager from my belt and hand it to Larry Bozeman without saying a word. Bobby scowls and tells him to find a new handyman. Even though I know Bobby is going to say this, I don't stop him. He is right. I take one last look back at the building and I see the same child's silhouette against the window. She makes me think of the angel of peace, and Christmas, and I almost wave to her, but don't.

"So," says Bobby as we shut our doors and I start the van, "do you want People and Places or History?" Bobby is a good boy.

"Oh," I grumble for show, "Bobby, what do I know about history?" ♦

Northern Neck / Fragrant Land

Photograph by Wendy Gavin Gregg / Poem by Elizabeth Gregg



Superimpose me
into Gauguin's coral landscape
ethereal turquoise sweeps 'round
Naked warm scents
of papaya and salt water.

Mother says he's never coming home
(barbarian)
and prays for him at Sunday mass.
What insanity –
inspiration from such heathens.
Only the possessed choose poverty over comfort.

Blizzard 2003, North-Central West Virginia

William Haas

The frosted glass door swung open, ushering in an eddy of white dust that melted into the gray, slushy mat. Two more refugees from yesterday's blizzard entered the diner to forget their cabin fever with hash browns, coffee, and two eggs sunny-side up. Outside, far from the buzz of conversation, silent white powder lined each windowsill on every drab building. Icicles clung to gutters, gutters hung from screws straining against roofs, and roofs seemed to sag under the weight of piled snow.

Freddie Fawcett stood knee deep on the sidewalk, shovel in hand, wrapped in a thick Steelers' jacket, the hood's drawstrings pulled tight insulating his nearly bald head against the silver gusts of wind. Freddie was raised to have a steel town work ethic in a time of rusting factories. A bit too slow on the uptake for the new service economy, too dim for anything but menial labor, he carved a niche for himself as lawnmower, sidewalk shoveler, festival day garbage hauler, and anything else shop owners and concerned residents with a few extra bucks were willing to pay him to do.

Falling snow, too tiny to be flakes, washed out the horizon. Freddie wiped his brow and began to shovel. The scraping of steel on ice, then steel on concrete, scraped the silence of the deserted downtown. He struggled to clear a narrow footpath in the packed, frozen snow. But fresh powder blanketed the gray chipped ice faster than he could remove it. He exhaled several quick spurts of thin mist. He was the sort of man whose insistence on hard work and refusal to make excuses for his bad luck inspired compassion in the same business and community leaders who cited him as an example of hope whenever they suggested that

citizens tighten their belts for the hard times.

Freddie cocked his head to the side and stared east. A slight rumbling, like the clip of distant thunder, grew louder until its source appeared as a wedge of bright yellow dispersing the snow into a violent spray. The gear-grinding fury of an overworked engine propelled the steel plough across asphalt in an exploding shriek. The snow plough barreled by and tossed black-gray slush into Freddie's face, covering the narrow path he'd shoveled through the snow drift. He smiled—his plaster white perfect teeth rumored to be the result of a plea bargain by the dentist Dr. Barrett following his second DUI offense—and shot the driver a thumbs-up. The driver, wearing a t-shirt behind the fogged-over window, disregarded Freddie and looked straight out the windshield through frantic wipers into the snow ahead of him.

The red, salt-stained snow plough drove west, cutting a path, preparing the city's roads for a speedy return to commerce. Freddie planted the steel shovel head into the snow bank and stared into the swirls of snow billowing in the plough's wake. Even after the truck disappeared, it could still be heard pushing through the city streets, each crisscrossing road scraped down to slick black asphalt. Freddie wiped the melting sludge from his eyes and looked at the tiny patch of cleared concrete at his feet. His stubby fingers fumbled with the knotted drawstrings and freed his head from the warm hood. Propped up on his shovel handle, he surveyed the wide black swath in the road, patchy stray hairs whipping in the wind. He listened until the plough's roar was gone, plucked his shovel from the snow bank, and continued to clear a footpath. ♦

Satori in Pompeii

Jennifer Wise

As a privileged American teenager, I had twice been set loose on European soil, and twice greeted the immense cultural opportunities with neither grace nor gratitude. On my first visit, an exchange program to Spain, I stretched my Spanish language abilities to complain to my host family that they were not allowing me enough time in the mornings to undertake my customary hygiene and primping routines. I groaned when we were forced to visit yet another cathedral, castle, or other historical landmark, and invested most of my energy devising schemes to take advantage of the fact I could be served *cerveza*—underage! I spent my free day in Madrid not visiting museums or mixing with the locals, but entirely underground, riding the subway from end to end and pretending to roller-skate up and down its tunnels.



My second journey, a family train tour across many of the capital cities of Western Europe, saw me a few years older but no wiser. Armed with a supply of puffy cow stickers and doll heads, I entertained myself by leaving these tokens behind me: atop the Eiffel Tower, in the canals of Amsterdam and Venice.

Toward the end of our tour we visited the archeological excavations at Pompeii. Whether by virtue of general Italian slackness or it being a Sunday, the ruins were unguarded, and we few visitors were left to pick our own way through that ancient igneous city, trusted not to cross over tattered, faded ribbons marking areas off-limits, and not to deface or pilfer what relics we could find.

My parents and the other stray tourists seemed to be shuffling together from guidebook site to site in some kind of religious procession. I traipsed behind them to the only feature of interest to me there: the brothel, with its frank and cartoon-like frieze depicting the range of services that had been available to its historical clients, and its stone beds worn down at the end by the scraping of shoes. So far, all that I had seen passed through my senses with the same lack of reality that all historical sites held for me, as if they were all elaborate plasterboard displays constructed in endless tedious furniture store showrooms that my parents were scouring for the perfect dining-room suite.

At the first opportunity, I sheered off from the group and drifted alone down a wide promenade lined with the bases of statues. Modern grasses poked through the paving slabs laid down thousands of years ago, watched over by the same low, grey sky, now as then resting its pregnant belly on anachronistic Mount Vesuvius. Beyond the unearthed walls of the once-buried city, the land tipped down to an invisible sea, discernible that day only by the occasional shimmer of a seabird's wings tilting in the haze, and by that intangible sense of near-sea that somehow penetrates us through other barely perceptible stimuli.

Eventually, I had wound my way through enough twisting streets to have become successfully completely lost. Slipping under an unraveling off-limits cord, I forced my way back through uncut tangles of grass and weed in an ever-narrowing alleyway between what were once the slum households of Pompeii.

Kneeling in the brush there, I secreted a doll head in a wall cavity. Mission accomplished. I leaned back with satisfaction and looked up at the wall in front of me, which stopped at the base of a window that once would have held only a sliver's view of that ominous grey sky and foreboding volcano peak above the missing roof. My back was supported by another wall only a few feet away, which would have been the house next door.



All at once the reality of passed time smote me. For the first time ever in my life, I understood the truth of the existence of other people no less real, separated from me by time but existing in this very place. Centuries ago, they must have sneaked down this alleyway, perhaps engaged in pursuits as foolish as my own, or shouting across to each other through these neighboring windows, looking up but never really seeing the beautiful mountain that would be their death hanging over them day after day. I almost couldn't breathe for a moment, steadying myself against the crumbling, mossy wall, which now I saw in its terrific mundaneness: a real, functional wall, built to shelter real people, in whose graveyard village I was an idiotic trespasser. I scrambled away to find and humbly hide myself again amidst the other pilgrims. ♦

A Farm of Enclosure

Celeste Trimble



In a tender way, I remember this house like a farm house. It is the place I am from. It is not really a farm, though my grandparents brag about their half an acre of land as though it were their livelihood. It was originally zoned for farming, but now the dust of agriculture has become a memory of this Los Angeles suburb's past.

We call my grandmother Pinkle. It is a long story about toddlers and learning colors that earned her the name. She made her own kind of farm here. Driven by maternal over-protectiveness and love of animals, this half acre became a farm of enclosure. It is a place of animal rescue soaked in the despair of captivity. Pinkle is afraid of more harm coming to the critters she loves, so she cages them. Cats, dogs, turtles, ducks, goats, chickens, the goose: all caged for their own protection. Some cages are larger than others. Some are quite small. In one large rectangle, the size of a big bedroom, lives the goose, Lucifer, the chickens, and the tortoise, Myrtle. The three-legged goat used to live in there, but her time came and she passed to the wide open range called heaven. The ducks used to live in there, too; their little plastic pond sits lonely without them. Splish lost her sight and died. Splash now lives in a cage with the cats at the other side of the property. She is thriving amidst her predators.



Who can escape nostalgia? I'm sure some people are capable of rinsing their memories of the molasses heartbeats they grew up with. I cannot. I sink with each thought of the past.

Pinkle can hardly walk anymore. Yet each morning and evening when she takes her sack of wonder bread out to feed, her childlike exuberance prevents me from any kind of understanding of this "farm" that I come from. As she throws almost half a loaf onto the roof of the goat house for the squirrels that she keeps fat, I know that this farm is what keeps her alive, keeps her active and engaged with the world, albeit a very small world. She cages herself much like she cages these critters. And perhaps she believes they do not notice their enclosure as she has never noticed her own. Casting a look behind, I feel an urgency—an exquisite longing from inside the bars. ♦

Landscape Art

How Geographers and Artists Can Collaborate in the (a) Field

David S. Lemberg, Rolland N. Fraser, and Lou Rizzolo

At Western Michigan University, we're encouraged to do collaborative, multi-disciplinary research, toward the ends of scholarly publications and classroom enhancement. As Academics, we think first of potential partners in disciplines related to our own specialties—biologists, ecologists, geologists, and other physical scientists if we do physical geography; economists, political scientists, sociologists, psychologists and other human scientists if we do human geography. You know - "Science." Certainly, our first thoughts would not normally be "let's go talk to the art department." On the other hand, life on campus is full of surprises.

In October of 2000, Lou Rizzolo of the School of Art called the geography department to ask if they might give a presentation to an international group of artists coming to Michigan as part of the

World Peace Art Initiatives. We gathered at the Starr Commonwealth School facility near Albion, Michigan. It was the ultimate interdisciplinary professional workshop. All parties brought forward their best information to make the projects work. The geographic presentation included an introduction to spatial concepts (scale and map visualization) and spatial tools (Geographic Information Systems [GIS], remotely sensed images, and Geographic Positioning Systems [GPS]).

A 37 acre corn and soybean field adjacent to the Starr Commonwealth facility was slated to be the site of the following year's landscape art project, so the session included a field trial to demonstrate the five-step design and layout process. A georeferenced aerial orthophoto of the field was imported into

the GIS. The image of the field was overlaid with the figure of a star 500 feet in diameter. Vertices of this star were digitized and the coordinates downloaded into a GPS unit. The group then walked the field with the GPS and physically marked each vertex with one of the participants so that the field was covered with a group of artists in a star formation. This was not the surveying your mother told you about, but a process with a mixture of precision and (gasp) flexibility for creation.

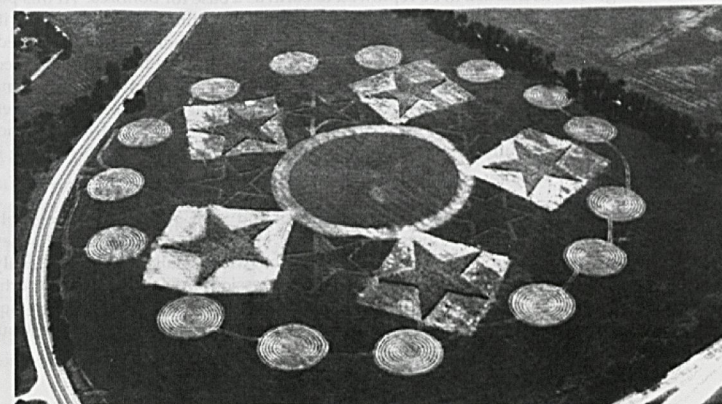
As a result of this demonstration, the artists immediately saw the advantages of using geographic tools in planning landscape art. Good deeds don't go unpunished, so the geographers were recruited



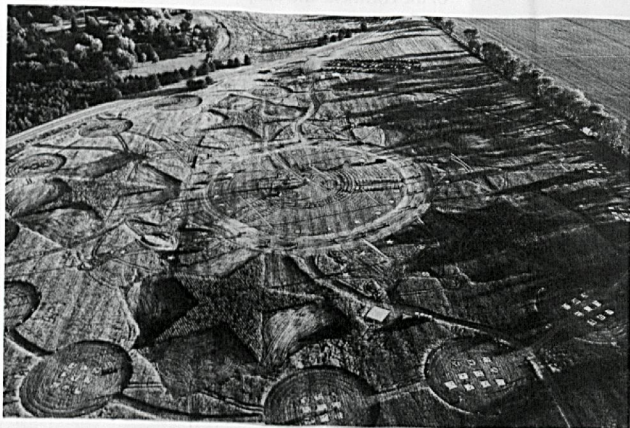
to assist in the design and layout of the World Peace Initiative U.S. earthwork at the Starr Commonwealth School in 2002. Lou Rizzolo and Nobel Schuler developed the artist's conception of the earthwork. This artist's conception was overlaid onto the aerial image of the cornfield and adapted to the constraints of "crop art."

The project was to be temporal – and temporary. The field was an active farm production site, and our goals included impacts that would be erased in the next yearly cycle of field preparation and planting. To add more disciplinary mix, we sought input from the farmer, Mike Murphy, for logistics and a deeper understanding of what to expect from the crop plants we would use. To meet constraints of the farm tractor and equipment, we began with a plan to plant squares of corn for the main segments of the pattern and to mow the outline pattern of the stars. Then a pentagon was inscribed within the center circle, and large squares were located at each vertex of the basic pentagon shape within a large circle. Stars were inscribed in each square and smaller stars drawn between each square. The entire field was to be planted in rye except for the five squares of corn. The outer circle of "moons" was then drawn around the stars. All shapes would be mowed into the mature crops.

Coordinates (latitude and longitude) were derived for the center point of each circle and the vertices of the stars and squares using the spatial reference tools in GIS. On May 10, 2002, the first GPS flagging session marked the center of the project and the vertices of the five corn squares. This allowed Mike Murphy to plant the five squares of corn and spread rye seed over the remainder of the field. On June 20th, the second flagging session marked the vertices of each star and the centers



of each moon in the sprouting grain. Each point was flagged with a bamboo stake topped with a colored flag to be easily seen as the corn and rye grew taller. In August, the grain had grown tall enough to mow. On August 16th, we marked the stars and circles for cutting. Lines were drawn between the vertices of the stars. The corn outside of the lines in the large stars was cut, and the mower followed the lines of the smaller stars to inscribe the figures in the tall rye grass. As for the



circles, we used the same techniques as the British "crop circle" hoaxers - circumscribing the figure with a cord on a central pivot. Using the lines, the farmer mowed the figures into the field.

In September, the final field layout trip drew the project's central human figures using precalculated offsets to locate the heads, arms, and legs of the figures.

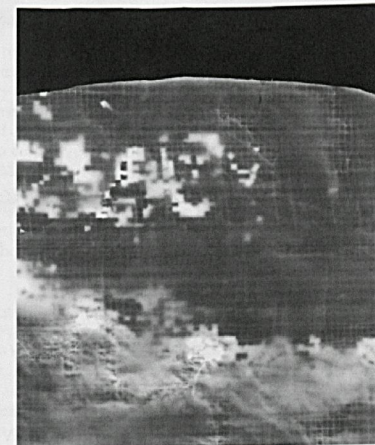
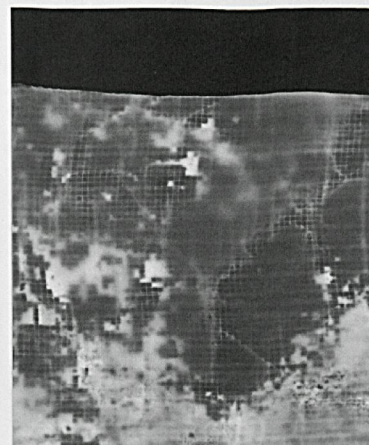
A ring around the figures was marked to be replowed to earth as a base for bonfires. At this point, the work of the geography team was finished. The artists added to the basic earthwork with a central illuminated inflatable sculpture, outlines of paper lanterns, and themed quilts designed by local schoolchildren. On October 5th, the earthwork was opened to the public and illuminated in the evening. An airplane was contracted to fly over the site, with a photographer recording many angles and perspectives throughout the day. All attendees became part of the work in deliberate patterns, as they stood in groups around the patterned acres in the shadowed late afternoon. Interpretive dance, music and multicultural sharing capped off the day, with events running into the late evening.

Overall, this collaborative experience was both educational and a lot of fun. The geographers learned through this experience that scientists can be artistic, even when they previously believed that they had no talents for the arts. The technical expertise that we normally apply to the analysis of spatial problems can legitimately be applied to artistic expression. Artists learned that artistic vision can also be perceived and interpreted as spatial problems. Scientific tools and techniques can be wedded to artistic inspiration to better implement a palette on a landscape-sized tableau. ♦

T.A.R.P.S.

(Terrestrial and Aerial Reconnaissance Positioning System)

Peter Happel Christian



I began making contact prints of used tarps in an effort to document the drips and spills of paint they caught. Similar to footprints on a sandy beach, a flag left on the moon or ancient petroglyphs, the tarps themselves are evidence of human experience and activity, accidental records of someone's misfortune that traces a line back to the event. Rather than photograph the tarps with a camera and film, I decided to contact print the tarps following the logic that by not using a camera, the resulting images would be more like x-rays and indisputably precise. The images are precise, but rather than looking like tarps, they appear to be pictures of earth from outer space. Reminiscent of early satellite imagery, the tarps are representative of low-tech, bit map surveillance, replete with the illusion of coast lines, cities, rural areas and weather systems.

T.A.R.P.S. is a convergence of specificity and anonymity where there is no locus of place. They are maps of nowhere that construct a reality of authenticity that simply does not exist. This body of work is playful and embraces the subjectivity of photography, while asking the viewer to seriously reconsider what it is they are looking at and to question the photograph as fact.

the following

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Amsterdam, Netherlands	52.37N 4.89E	Minnesota, USA	46N 94W
Berlin, Germany	52.52N 13.38E	Missoula, MT	46.87N 113.98W
Boston, MA	42.36N 71.06W	Modesto, CA	37.64N 121.00W
Budapest, Hungary	47.51N 19.16E	Montana, USA	47N 111W
California, USA	37N 119W	New Orleans, LA	29.95N 90.08W
Chicago, IL	41.88N 87.63W	New York City, NY	40.40N 73.58W
Cofradia, Mexico	18.96N 103.96W	Oak Park, IL	41.88N 87.78W
Columbia, MD	39.21N 76.87W	Oakland, CA	37.77N 122.27W
El Paso, TX	31.76N 106.49W	Ohio, USA	40N 83W
Floyd County, Virginia	36.9N 80.3W	Oregon, USA	44N 120W
Galapagos Islands	1S 90W	Oxford, England	51.77N 1.25W
Guajes, Mexico	20.63N 104.43W	Paris, France	48.85N 2.35E
Iowa, USA	42N 94W	Pompeii, Italy	40.75N 14.50E
Kentucky, USA	38N 85W	Providence, RI	41.82N 71.41W
Lawrence, KS	38.96N 95.26W	Rikers Island, NY	40.76N 73.89W
Lincoln, NE	40.81N 96.71W	San Francisco, CA	37.78N 122.42W
London, England	51.50N 0.08W	Syracuse, NY	43.05N 76.15W
Los Angeles, CA	34.05N 118.25W	Tamazulita, Mexico	20.20N 103.97W
Madrid, Spain	40.41N 3.72W	Tempe, AZ	33.43N 111.94W
Mesa, AZ	33.42N 111.83W	Tucson, AZ	32.15N 111.00W
Miami, FL	25.73N 80.24W	Venice, Italy	45.44N 12.32E
Michigan, USA	43N 85W	West Virginia, USA	38N 81W
Minneapolis, MN	44.98N 93.27W	Wichita, KS	37.69N 97.34W

Contributors

Michele C. Battiste, a native of upstate New York, lives in Wichita where she studies and teaches and misses the Adirondacks. Her work has recently appeared in *Nimrod*, *The Laurel Review*, *DIA-GRAM* and *5 AM*, among others. Currently, she's working on a collection of poems set in post-WWII Budapest, and she's trying to hustle a free ride to get there.

Peter Happel Christian was born and raised in Iowa. He studied art at the University of Northern Iowa and received a BFA from the University of Iowa. From Iowa he moved to the Pacific Northwest, where he received an MFA in photography from the University of Oregon. His graduate studies focused on conceptual approaches to photography and the visual arts, literary theory and homebrew techniques. Currently, he is an adjunct instructor of art at Pima Community College and the University of Arizona.

Rolland N. Fraser has a background in field biology and physical geography. He holds a B.S. and M.S. in Biology from Emporia State University, and a Ph.D. in Geography from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Research emphases have included limnology, shoreline landscapes and environmental remote sensing. He has made environmental and geographic presentations to all age groups, and has taught courses in biology and geography.

Charles Gillispie is employed as a therapist. He has a fetish for maps and all things related to travel. He has published articles in the *Journal of Poetry Therapy* and the *Therapeutic Recreation Journal* describing his use of creative writing as an adjunct to cognitive-behavioral therapy. Most recently, he has published poetry in *another Chicago Magazine* and has had a chap-book of fiction accepted for publication by the New Directions Press.

Wendy Gavin Gregg is a photographer living in Floyd County in the Appalachian Mountains of Southwest Virginia. She photographs landscape as a dynamic rhythm, using a pinhole camera to record more than what is seen. Educated at Rochester Institute of Technology and holding a MFA from Radford University, she continues to explore and expand the realm of what can be seen or felt in any place with her photographs.

Elizabeth Gregg is the daughter of Wendy Gavin Gregg. She has been writing poetry since she was 8 years old and continues to pursue this means of self-expression. She will graduate from Radford University with honors in Spring 2004 with a degree in Geography and minors in Sociology and English. After doctoral studies, she plans a career writing about the environment.

William Haas studies creative writing in the MFA program at West Virginia University. His heart has a soft spot, albeit a small one, for Deutsch Rock.

Steven R. Holloway 1949: born, overlooking the Golden Gate. 1954-55: climbed Giza's wonders, heard other tongues, saw an eclipse, circled the planet on the oceans. 1950-68: Minnesota. Canoeed the Quetico, the rivers to the Bay, Canadian shield, Lake Superior. 1968: U.S.S.R., EastWest Berlin, said "No." 1970s: the Sierras, Rockies, Brooks Range, Glacier Bay. The Kootenays. Studied the flute(s). 1980s: the Catskills, kayaked the Hudson. Wrote poems, stories, dreams. 1990s: Missoula. Walked Clark Fork with David Thompson, teaching and making maps.

Daniel King is an artist working mostly in photographic forms, often focusing his lens on the subject of personal landscapes. His images play against a range of expectations built upon popular experience, sellable descriptions and archetypal memories of the "landscape" in the United States. With a B.F.A. in Media Studies at the Columbus College of Art and Design, Ohio, Daniel is currently serving as a public affairs officer at the Aerospace Maintenance and Regeneration Center, Davis-Monthan AFB, Arizona. See www.absolutearts.com.

Alison Kotin lives on the East Coast, collecting curiosities and exploring odd corners. She graduated from Brown University with a degree in English Literature and is currently a student at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. In her copious spare time, Alison reviews graphic novels and works as a research assistant studying HIV and AIDS in sub-Saharan Africa. Her artwork and writing are on view at www.virtualunrealityproject.com.

David S. Lemberg is an Associate Professor in the Department of Geography at Western Michigan University. He has research interests in urban and regional planning, sustainable development, spatial decision making, environmental perception, and landscape ecology. He is currently on sabbatical developing a Heritage Water Trail Program for the State of Michigan and revising a two-volume Encyclopedia of Historic Places.

Kathryn Mauz is a graduate student at the University of Arizona. She has studied broadly in the earth sciences and in the dryland ecosystems of western North America. Her research concerns historic and contemporary relationships among plant species, the physical environment, and human uses of the land. She wishes to thank Hugo Rodriguez for his suggested improvements to the "Ground Truth" passages in Spanish.

Matt Mitchelson is a master's student of Geography at East Carolina University. He spent two years with the Chicago Mercantile Exchange after receiving his

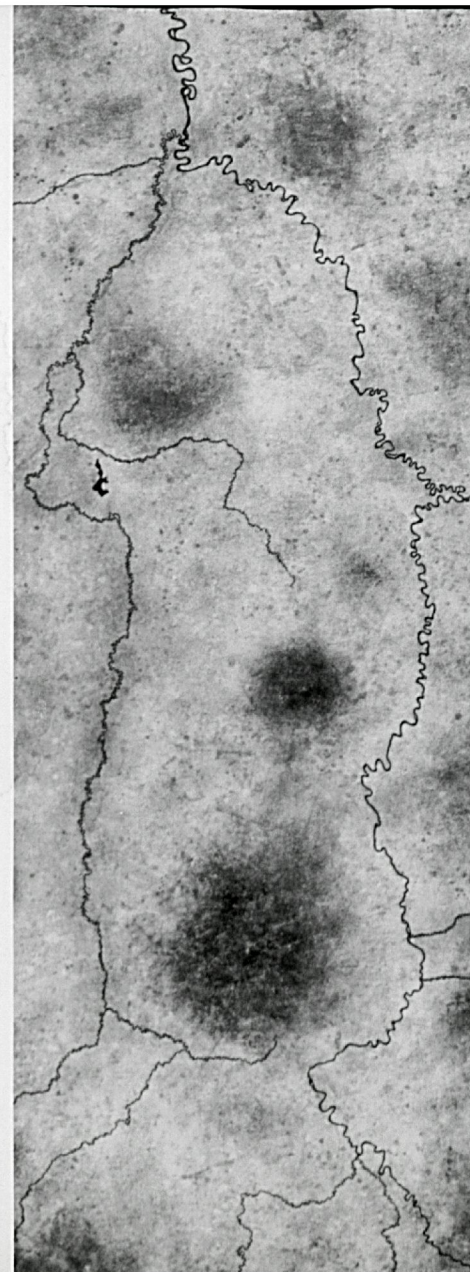
undergraduate degree in Finance from the University of Kentucky. Since abandoning his capitalist pursuits, Matt has invested his energy in human geography. He finds it to be more profitable, despite the considerable adjustment in salary. Matt's current academic focus concerns the intersection of cultural and economic values along commemorative streets named in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Lou Rizzolo is Professor of Art at Western Michigan University's School of Art, where he teaches painting and drawing. As an artist/researcher, he co-founded the I.L.W.C., an Art/Tech Collaborative, originating from sabbatical study at Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Center for Advanced Visual Studies. His research focus is World Peace Art Initiatives in China, Norway, Australia and the USA and pending projects for Albania and India. See www.worldpeaceart.org.

Gregory Simon is a graduate student in Geography at the University of Washington. He is also a NSF Research Fellow in Urban Ecology, exploring the challenges and opportunities of implementing long range urban environmental plans. Before arriving at UW, Gregory worked for many years as an air quality consultant and University Lecturer. He is currently co-project leader of the High Sierra Project, a field study program based in the Sierra Nevada mountains of California. Gregory's dissertation research addresses the politics of managing indoor air quality in Northern India.

Celeste Trimble grew up in a suburb of Los Angeles. At age thirteen, she moved to the San Francisco Bay Area, a place she always calls home. She attended Mills College in Oakland, studying books and their history, culture, and creative form. In 1998 she received an MA in Book Arts from Camberwell College of Art in London. Her artwork deals with the complexities of family and the nature of memory using the camera and the structure of the book as her most vital tools. She is currently living in Tucson with her partner and daughter, studying Photography at the University of Arizona.

Jennifer Wise was born in Ohio and grew up in towns with waterfalls: Ludlow Falls, Chagrin Falls. She attained a Journalism degree from Ohio University before moving to Oxford, England; then to Lawrence, Kansas; back to Oxford; then to Wales, where she is currently trying to make sense of it all by studying Psychology.



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